The Independent *Weſtminſter* Electors Toaſt.

In Memory of the Glorious *Two Hundred* and *Twenty.*

To the Tune of, *Come let us prepare*, &c.

MY *Weſtminſter* Friends,
Now we've gained our Ends,
Here's a Health, and I'm ſure 'twont repent ye:
With Gratitude think,
To the Health let us drink
Of the Glorious *Two Hundred and Twenty.*

Come honeſtly on
Give your Votes as you've done,
When you voted for EDWIN and VERNON;
Like *Britons* be bold,
Laugh at Power and Gold,
Elſe Slavery comes, and will ſpare none.

The Army ſo grand,
For the Good of the Land,
That is annually choſe our Protectors,
A new Trade have got,
And without Scott or Lot;
Are now all become our Electors.

The Juſtices too,
Will ſoon have their due,
As well as that R---e the *High Bailey*
Tho' ye ſtrut and look big,
With your Sword and Tye-wig,
The Parliament ſoon will to jail wi'ye.

Brave *Edwin* for you
Did all he could do,
As at the laſt Poll ye remember,
Now all of ye ſhou'd
To him be as good,
And chooſe him once more for your Member.

An *honeſt good* Lord,
To find out, how hard,
At this Time, let any Man think, Sir!.
Yet all do agree,
Lord *Perceval's* He,
Then *Edwin* and *Perceval* drink, Sir.

Beſides his brave Spirit,
My Lord has this Merit
With us; that *Guts* hates him to death, Sir.
He has ſwore *Z*---ds and Blood
That my Lord never ſhou'd
Be a Member, ſo long as he'd Breath, Sir.

Then under his Noſe
Theſe brave Men we will chooſe,
To ſhow we don't fear, but deſpiſe him.
We'll laugh and we'll flout
At the Rabble at Court,
Who, for what they can't get, idolize him.

The P--------t juſt,
And firm to their Truſt,
Have giv'n you another Election,
Then your Liberty uſe,
Theſe honeſt Men chooſe,
And rely on their ſteady Protection.

VERNON'S ſelf will rejoice,
When he hears of our Choice
And is told how we've routed the Old-ones.
Then join Hand in Hand,
To each other firm ſtand,
For Succeſs always follows the Bold-ones

But if any more
B——*b* ſhou'd do as before,
Or by Fraud or by Violence cheat you,
In Numbers then go
And demoliſh your Foe,
Ye're Fools if again he defeat you.
But if any more &c. [[*Chorus.*

F I N I S.